

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

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Review of New Books.

A Circumstantial Narrative of the Campaign in Saxony, in the year 1813. Written originally in German, by Baron Von Odeleben, Lieutenant-Colonel of Royal Saxon Cavalry, Adjutant on the General Staff, Knight of the Order of St. Henry, and Member of the Legion of Honour. To which are subjoined, the Notes of M. Aubert de Vitry, editor of the French edition. The whole translated by Alfred John Kempe, late officer of Infantry. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 802. London, 1820.

Now that 'the piping times of peace' are returned, and Europe slumbers in repose, after a war longer in its duration, more destructive in its character, and productive of greater and more important events than any which history has recorded; it may be fairly allowed to those who have shared in its glory or its dangers, to 'fight their battles o'er again,' and relate the great events in which they participated. This privilege has, however, been grossly abused by some indiscreet and worthless partizans of Bonaparte, who, by their shameful perversion of facts, in a variety of instances, have rendered themselves totally unworthy of credit. When General Gorgaud, and the author of the ninth book of Napoleon's History, tell us that the British were defeated at the battle of Waterloo,—that every disposition made by Bonaparte was successful,—that every manœuvre made by the Duke of Wellington failed, we might only point to the result for a refutation, did we not feel contempt and indignation at the folly and hardihood of the assertions. Let the French attribute their defeat on that disastrous day to the cry of *Sauve qui peut*, or to any circumstance they please, but let them not deny that they were defeated; since it was a defeat unaccompanied by disgrace.

A far different historian, however, is the one now under our consideration. From the rank and situation of Baron Odeleben, during the important campaign in Saxony, he is well enabled to detail the events that occurred: this he has done with impartiality, in a plain and simple narrative divested of technicalities: and, although he was at that time fighting under the banners of Napoleon, and was a witness to his talents and activity, to which he has done justice, 'he has not' as the French editor remarks, 'neglected to shew how useless those talents were rendered by the operation of his passions. He has pointed out his measureless ambition—his obstinacy.'

The period of Baron Odeleben's narrative, though short, is pregnant with events. It will be recollected that Bonaparte, after his disastrous campaign in Russia, returned to Paris, and by new levies and forced conscriptions, was, in the course of three months, again enabled to take the field at the head of a numerous though but half

disciplined army. The campaign was opened early in the spring of 1813, in Saxony, and commenced with the battle of Lutzen. Speaking of the general character of Bonaparte, with which Baron Odeleben seems to be well acquainted, he says:—

'One might read in his face the triumph of ambition, when he thought he remarked in the voice of the people, astonishment at his omnipotence. Could it then be surprising, that a man, elevated so high by fortune, and who believed he could extricate himself, by his intelligence, from the most difficult steps, should undertake boldly what appeared impossible to other mortals?

'By means of the forces at his disposal, he undertook every thing on a grand scale, and a look or glance thrown upon the extraordinary resources, which he knew how to appreciate, inspired him with boldness and security. He did not recognise in his adversaries the faculty of ably employing the forces which they had at their command, thinking himself alone capable of directing such great machines. By his severity, his will and the execution of it, were, to use the expression, consequent on each other; and in such a manner, during the latter part of his government, that the progress of affairs was very simple and without mystery. The orders which emanated from him were exceedingly brief, conceived in a grand style, having one general view. The execution of the details was abandoned to generals and subordinate officers, who, since the revolution, had acquired much practice, and learned the art of extracting themselves from embarrassing situations. The science of Napoleon consisted above all in this,—that for the execution of a plan which he had conceived on an extensive scale and which he had weighed, he chose, with a firm and inflexible will, the means which should conduct him in the quickest and most vigorous manner to his aim. His fearful authority dissipated as chimerical every objection, every representation, every plea of impossibility, concerning even the most insignificant things. If, for instance, it had been represented that a certain mode was impracticable; this appeared to him but a jest, which excited the ironical exclamation, "*Ah, on ne peut pas!*" Ah! it cannot be done! And he never gave up his prepossession till impossibility, as it might be said, stared him in the face; to such a degree had he been spoiled by Fortune!

Of the enthusiasm with which Bonaparte inspired his troops, we have one among a thousand instances in the battle of Lutzen:—

'Ney, although briskly pushed, maintained himself vigorously at his post; Napoleon repaired without delay to the point of attack upon Kaia, and the wounded retired in great numbers before him, between that village and Lutzen. His presence inspired the troops with enthusiasm, although Ney's corps was composed but of young conscripts, who perhaps were then, for the first time in their lives, under fire. Scarcely a single wounded man passed before Bonaparte without saluting him with the accustomed *vivat*. Even those who had lost a limb, and in a few hours were to become the prey of death, paid him that homage. Not from one dying enthusiast alone, did I hear this gratulatory exclamation, but perhaps from fifty. All these men, blinded by the illusions of national vanity, voluntarily suffered themselves to be conducted to slaughter. Napoleon himself perceived the vast importance of this engagement in its

fullest extent; he was aware that he had but inexperienced young soldiers to oppose to practised troops, and wearied infantry to superior cavalry. The enthusiasm his presence inspired, had to supply the place of experience and strength.

During this engagement, Bonaparte did not hesitate to endanger his person, nor do we believe he ever did, when his success or his interests required it:—

“He shewed himself to the troops, according to his custom, when they attacked; and, as he galloped down the lines, he was saluted with *vivats*, re-echoed from column to column. A short time before, Napoleon, for some fault, had deprived a battalion of its commander. He knew that this officer, otherwise a very brave man, was exceedingly beloved by his soldiers. He rode up to the front of the corps, at the head of which he replaced him, after addressing him in a short speech. The acclamations of joy from that body resounded afar off; it immediately formed the head of a column which advanced to attack a height in the rear of Starsiedel. All the other regiments greeted him with acclamations, even amid the fire of artillery. The battle still continued, and was kept up in the neighbourhood of Kaia, until half-past six in the evening. Each side fought with a fury worthy of admiration, and the brave Prussians found plenty of employment for the French. Their batteries near Gerschen and Rana, played on the imperial guard, and several balls and grenades fell near Napoleon: an *inspecteur des postes* lost a leg close by him, and even bullets were whistling around him. A visible embarrassment might be observed in the persons of his suite, as the fire drew nearer, and Kaia, the pivot of the engagement, became endangered: the moment arrived when all appeared lost on that point, and the reserve of the old guard was expected to attack; then Count Lobau, an adjutant of Napoleon, and one of the most intrepid of his generals, placed himself, by his order, at the head of a division of the young guard, to retake the position. As soon as this attack had succeeded, Napoleon directed another of his adjutants, Drouot, general of the artillery, “to collect a battery of sixty pieces of cannon:” he briefly pointed out to him the corps from which they were to be taken, and where they were to be posted. A movement of such importance, by a dozen words, was made the work of the twinkling of an eye,—so well had his officers learnt to comprehend him. This battery, planted on the heights near Starsiedel, made a considerable impression in advance, during its fire, and Napoleon followed at the head of the second column of attack; this was a moment when he shewed himself in person, impelled by the ardent desire of victory. He flew from one point to another, continually urging his troops onward to obtain some advantage of ground, that the enemy, annoyed by the brisk fire of the artillery, might neither be able to maintain their position, nor persevere in their resistance.”

The darkness of night alone closed this sanguinary conflict; when Napoleon called a Polish general of his suite, and said to him very briefly: “Go to Cracow, and say, I have won a battle.” This was the only despatch forwarded from the field of battle. It appears that Napoleon was nearly made prisoner, a body of the allied cavalry having been within two hundred paces of him. A few days after, he entered Dresden, the Emperor of Russia and King of Prussia having quitted it the previous night. After imperatively demanding from the municipality, bread, meat, and wine, for his army, he set workmen to construct a bridge across the Elbe, and was sometimes superintending it so early as three o’clock in the morning, and accompanied only by a single adjutant. The Russians wished to prevent the construction of the bridge, and brought a number of guns to bear upon that point. Bonaparte personally directed the measures for repulsing them. The Russians brought about fifty or sixty pieces, which they planted along the banks of the Elbe:—

“Before any other person could have observed their number, Bonaparte had arranged the necessary dispositions. “A hundred pieces of cannon!” he exclaimed, in a voice like thunder, to General Drouot, who hastened to bring them up, and placed a part upon the heights of Priesnitz, an advantageous position, a part near the spot called, “the shoemaker’s house,” and some at the end of the avenue of Ostra.

“When Drouot returned from Priesnitz, and gave Bonaparte an account of the execution of his orders, the latter was not very well pleased with the disposition of the guns; and in the first transport of his displeasure, he shook the general by the ears; Drouot was not abashed, but assured him in a modest but determined manner, that they could not be better placed. Then Napoleon’s discontented air gave way to a friendly smile. He appeared to pass it off as a joke, and became tranquil.”

The cannonade was very serious:—

“Several bullets and grenades fell near Bonaparte; one of the latter tore a piece of plank from the partition of the powder magazine, and projected a splinter near his head. “If it had touched my body, it would have been all over,” said he, taking up the splinter and examining it. A few minutes after, a grenade fell between him and an Italian regiment, which had halted twenty paces in his rear. The Italians shrunk a little, to avoid the effect of the explosion. He observed it; and turning towards them, exclaimed with a contemptuous smile! “*Ah! cujoni, non fa male**.”

On the return of the King of Saxony to Dresden, Napoleon went out to meet him, and conducted him into the city amid the roaring of cannon, the ringing of bells, and the acclamations of the troops.

Baron Odeleben relates one or two instances of Bonaparte’s humanity, although he calls them “feigned demonstrations of sensibility;” the reader, however, shall judge for himself:—

“It was the custom of Napoleon to consider, minutely, the field of battle after the engagement, whenever time would permit. He appeared, by examining the positions which the enemy had occupied, to wish to inform himself of his strength, and penetrate his plans. He stopped, with apparent interest, at certain spots of ground which seemed to strike his attention, or near the dead and wounded of the enemy. I have seen him make his own surgeon alight by the side of the Russians, who still exhibited some signs of life, to see if it were possible to save them.

“In Silesia, he one day exclaimed, on a similar occasion, “If he can be saved, there will at least be one less of them;” his meaning was, of those who will personally hate me, or, of whose death I have been the cause; and he gave orders to one of the officers who accompanied him, to remain, and direct the wounded man to be carried into the village.”

Bonaparte quitted Dresden on the 18th of May; on the 20th he attacked the allies, and the following day fought the battle of Bautzen, which was gained by the French, after a sanguinary contest, which consisted almost solely of charges with the bayonet. Towards the close of the day, a ball passed close by Bonaparte, struck the Grand Marshal Duroc, and General Kirchner:—

“These two general officers were on horseback, almost side by side; the latter was killed upon the spot, but Duroc, who was mortally wounded in the abdomen, survived four-and-twenty hours. He was immediately taken to the nearest house; another, close by it, was consumed by the flames the same night. Bonaparte, who could not conceal how much the loss of one of his most faithful subjects affected him, struck off to the left; and, absorbed within himself, he traversed a small farm, alighted amidst the corn, and considered for some time the spot whence the ball had been fired, which had deprived him of his favourite.”

* “Ah! rascals, it will do you no harm.”

The same night, Napoleon visited him, and sympathized in his sufferings. The battle of Bautzen was followed by an armistice for two months. This affords Baron Odeleben, the opportunity to introduce by way of episode, 'some account and observations concerning Napoleon's method of living,' which furnishes us with the following extract, relating to his secretary during a campaign:—

'At the four corners of the sanctuary were placed, when they could be obtained, small tables, at which the secretaries of Napoleon were employed, and sometimes himself and his director of the *bureau topographique*. He most commonly dictated to them completely dressed in a green uniform, often with his hat upon his head, pacing up and down his apartment. Accustomed to have every thing which he conceived executed with the greatest promptitude, no one could write fast enough for him, and what he dictated was to be written in cipher. It is incredible how fast he dictated, and what a facility his secretaries had acquired in following him with the pen. One of these, a very young man, surpassed them all in rapidity, and the others were alarmed lest Napoleon should require as much from them. It may well be conceived that these ciphers were but hieroglyphics. The tail of a dragon often stood for the whole French army, a rod for Davoust's corps, a thorn for the kingdom of England, a sponge for the commercial cities, &c. It is said that the emperor had a particular talent for deciphering these characters, which must necessarily have been easy to him, since their meaning had been established by himself. But all I have detailed was but one-fourth of the business; the secretaries had afterwards to decipher all this confused scrawling, (*brouillamini*), word by word, and to arrange the sentences agreeably to the sense they required. This was no easy task, when orders of an extensive nature were in question, inasmuch as but four secretaries were employed in military expeditions, diplomatic, or political affairs, all which emanated immediately from him, as directing the whole of this great machine. They were also obliged to accustom themselves to different sorts of occupations, relating sometimes to military tactics, at others to political affairs. As far as I have been able to learn, there were always two employed in the cabinet near him, and entrusted with the despatch of business. For example, a report, perhaps, was received from a marshal who commanded in Silesia, at the same time he took it into his head to answer a despatch coming from Spain, to digest some political tract or diplomatic remarks; to make some arrangements in judicial matters, or on some other subject, whatever it might be; then a secretary was obliged to submit to write out an alphabet for the King of Rome, or to make a copy of the position of twenty brigades of the different *corps d'armée*, which were all perfectly well known to him.'

We suspect the following picture of Napoleon's character is somewhat overcharged:—

'After the death of the Grand Marshal Duroc, all orders concerning the march, the halt, the stables, the relays, the kitchen, the servants, and particularly the couriers and expresses, came from Caulincourt. To him were intrusted the keys of the mails which the couriers brought; he opened them, and gave Napoleon all that immediately concerned him, whether he were on the march or had taken up his quarters. When he was in his carriage, the whole travelled at a full trot or gallop. Caulincourt hastily alighted from his horse, took the courier aside, opened the mail, galloped after Napoleon, handed him the despatches; after which, a quantity of envelopes were seen flying from each side of his carriage. These papers sometimes fell upon the horse which surrounded it; for when Napoleon travelled in his carriage, all the papers that he had not had time to read in his cabinet, were thrust into it. He amused himself by looking over them when he was abroad, if the position of the country were well known or immaterial to him. All useless reports were cut up, and thrown out of the carriage window.

The pieces were seen flying in the air like a swarm of bees, and were finally ground under the wheels. Probably Berthier was entrusted with destroying them, for some have been seen which were very carefully cut up. Perhaps Napoleon amused himself by doing it, for he was not able to remain still for an instant. When Berthier and he had nothing to discuss, and he was tired of playing with the tassel of the carriage window, his Majesty fell asleep. To avoid this sort of *ennui*, when there were neither reports, lists, nor statements to submit to him, the pockets of the carriage were filled with journals and other periodical publications from Paris. Scarcely had he time rapidly to skim them over, when they were seen flying, lighter than the winds which bore them. Some of his suite, eager for novelty, endeavoured to pick them up. Even sometimes advantage might be taken of this circumstance, to furnish one's self with a little travelling library; for when there were neither journals, nor periodical publications, the carriage was filled with novels, and even with very voluminous romances, but only sewed together in the sheets; nevertheless, this kind of reading was not much relished by Napoleon, who liked works of a solid description; if the first pages did not please him, the unfortunate books were thrown out of the carriage window, as usual. It sometimes happened that one of his suite, from curiosity, picked up what had fallen; otherwise it became the prize of the soldiers who followed him.'

The following anecdote of Drouot, who remained with Napoleon, and followed him to the Isle of Elba, is interesting:—

'Drouot always had a Bible with him, the reading of which was his chief pleasure, and he publicly avowed it to the officers on service, (an extraordinary peculiarity at that period, and very remarkable in a French general.) He had perhaps some inclination towards superstition, for as Bonaparte always despatched him to situations where his duties exposed him to the greatest dangers, Drouot took particular care to attire himself in his old uniform of a general of artillery, in which he placed the greatest confidence, because no misfortune had ever happened to him while he had worn it. When he was near the batteries, he always alighted; and, indeed, he was so fortunate, that neither he nor his horses were ever wounded. His modesty also equalled his understanding, and he appeared animated by a sentiment of national honour which could not surely, without pain, allow him to see a great nation reduced to obey a man like Napoleon.'

(To be concluded in our next.)

Travels on the Continent: written for the Use and Particular Information of Travellers. By Mariana Starke.

(Continued from p. 323.)

In our last, we left Mrs. Starke at Florence, describing very circumstantially every thing worthy of particular notice or attention. These we must necessarily pass over as well as the remarks on the Tuscan peasantry; but one observation on the criminal laws is worthy the attention of British legislators:—

'According to the excellent laws of the Emperor Leopoldo, father to the present Grand-duke of Tuscany, no man can be imprisoned for debt; though creditors have power to seize the property of their debtors; and no offence is punishable with death, though murderers are condemned to perpetual labour as galley-slaves: and to these, and many other equally wise regulations, made by Leopoldo, are attributable the almost total exemption from robbery and murder which this country has long enjoyed; and the increase to its population of two hundred thousand; an astonishing difference, as the original number was only one million.'

Under the head Pisa, we have the following account of the battle of the bridge, so much celebrated by former writers:—

The three bridges, as I have already mentioned, are handsome; especially the middle one, which is composed of marble and pietra verrucano; and the mock-fight, occasionally exhibited on this bridge, is perhaps almost the only remaining vestige of those martial games heretofore so famous among the Greeks and Romans. The amusement consists in a battle fought by 960 combatants; who, clothed in coats of mail, and armed with wooden clubs, dispute, for forty-five minutes, the passage of the bridge. The strongest combatants possess themselves of the field of battle; and when it is possible to employ stratagem they never let slip the opportunity; but to fight in earnest is forbidden: nevertheless, this mock encounter frequently cost lives; and is, therefore, but seldom permitted, though one of the most beautiful exhibitions in Italy. Some authors tell us it was instituted by Pelops, son of Tantalus, King of Phrygia; others think it was established by Nero; while others believe it to have been originally celebrated in memory of the defeat of Musetto, King of Sardinia; which happened in the year 1005, upon a bridge at Pisa: but whoever the institutor might be, the amusement is entered into by the Pisans, with a degree of spirit that exceeds all description.

When a man stands candidate for the honour of being a combatant, he is cased in armour, and then beat, for half an hour, with wooden clubs; during which ceremony, should he happen to flinch, or cry out, he is rejected; but if he do neither, he is chosen.*

As a specimen of Mrs. Starke's talents as a writer on the fine arts, we select her description of St. Peter's church at Rome:—

Basilica di S. Pietro, S. Peter's, is placed on the summit of a gentle acclivity, in an immense Piazza of an oval form, once the circus of Nero. Its centre is adorned with an obelisk of red Egyptian granite, the only one which has been preserved entire; it was transported from Heliopolis to Rome by order of Caligula, and afterward placed, by Nero, in his circus*: it measures 124 feet from the ground to the top of the cross, and was erected by Sextus V, under the direction of Fontana; who, in order to raise it out of the earth in which it lay buried, contrived forty-one machines with strong ropes and iron rollers; and though all the powers of these machines were applied at once, by means of 800 men and 160 horses, the work was not accomplished under eight days: and to transport the obelisk to the place where it now stands, though only 300 paces from the spot where it lay, cost four months' labour. But the greatest proof of Fontana's skill in mechanics was displayed when he elevated this stupendous mass, and fixed it in its present situation, by the aid of machines, consisting of fifty-two powers, all of which were applied at the same moment, in obedience to pre-concerted signals. Being raised to a proper height, it was placed, amidst the acclamations of the people, and the discharge of cannon from the castle of S. Angelo, on the backs of four lions, without any cement; its own ponderosity being sufficient to insure it from falling. Report says, however, that Fontana nearly miscarried in this last operation; the ropes having stretched so much more than he expected, that the obelisk could not have been raised high enough to rest on its pedestal, if an English sailor, at a time when every spectator was restricted from speaking, lest the signals should not be heard by the workmen, had not, in defiance to this order, called out—"wet the ropes;" which being accordingly done, the obelisk was raised immediately to its destined height. One of the beautiful fountains that adorn this piazza was erected by Innocent VIII; the other by Clement X; and the colonnades (deemed a master-piece of architecture) were built by Bernini, during the pontificate of Alexander VII. Their form is semi-circular; and they consist of 284 large Doric columns of Travertine stone, intermixed with eighty-eight pilasters, and forming, on each side of the piazza, a triple portico, that in the centre being suffi-

* The dimensions of the vessel which conveyed this obelisk to Rome, are given by Pliny, lib. xvi. cap. 40.

ciently spacious for two carriages to pass each other: The height of these colonnades is sixty-one feet, the breadth fifty six, and on the entablature is a balustrade adorned with 192 statues, each being eleven feet and a half in height. The fountains were made after the designs of Carlo Maderno; they throw a considerable body of water nine feet high; and the circular basins which receive this water are entire pieces of oriental granite, fifty feet in circumference. Beyond the colonnades are two magnificent covered galleries, each being 360 feet long, and leading to the vestibule of the Basilica, which stands on the summit of a noble flight of steps, adorned with statues of S. Peter and S. Paul, by Mino di Fiesole. The vestibule (which is 439 feet long by thirty-seven wide, and sixty-two feet high), contains equestrian statues of Constantine and Charlemagne*; together with a celebrated Mosaic, by Giotto, called 'la Navicella di S. Pietro.' The front of the Basilica, which was built according to the designs of Carlo Maderno, is adorned with immense Corinthian columns, and pilasters of Travertine stone; and terminated by a balustrade surmounted by thirteen colossal statues, seventeen feet in height, and representing our Saviour and the apostles. The basso-relievo under the balcony in the centre of the building, is by Buonvicino, and represents our Saviour giving the keys to S. Peter. The centre door of the church is bronze, adorned with basso-relievi; and was made during the pontificate of Eugenius IV; and over this door is a basso-relievo, by Bernini, representing our Saviour entrusting the care of his flock to S. Peter. The circumstance of that apostle having been buried in the circus of Nero induced Constantine to erect, over his remains, a spacious church; which having stood eleven centuries, and at length falling into decay, Nicholas V began to rebuild it, about the year 1450, after the plans of Rosellini and Alberti: his successors, however, discontinued the work, till the pontificate of Paul II, under whom it went on. Julius II, who was elected Pope about thirty years after the death of Paul, chose the famous Bramante as his architect; and this artist formed the design of erecting a cupola in the centre of the edifice. On the demise of Julius and Bramante, Leo X entrusted the work to Raphael, and other artists; after whose death, Paul III chose Sangallo as his architect; and upon the decease of this artist, the last mentioned Pope committed the work to Buonarrotti, who made a new design for the cupola: he likewise intended to have erected a portico, resembling that of the Pantheon; but death frustrated his purpose. Succeeding artists, however, were directed to go on with his cupola; which was completed during the pontificate of Sextus V. Carlo Maderno finished the other part of the church, in the pontificate of Paul V, and Pius VI erected the new Sacristy. Buonarrotti intended to have built S. Peter's in the form of a Greek cross; but Carlo Maderno followed the plan of Bramante, and made a Latin one. In the year 1694, this edifice was supposed to have cost 47,000,000 of Roman crowns; and much more has been since expended for the Mosaics, the new Sacristy, &c.

The interior length of S. Peter's, from the entrance-door to the end of the tribuna, is six hundred and thirteen English feet; the breadth of the nave two hundred and seven, the breadth of the cross seventy-eight, the diameter of the cupola one hundred and thirty-nine, the height from the pavement to the first gallery, one hundred and seventy-four; to the second gallery, two hundred and forty; to the representation of the Deity in the lanthorn, three hundred and ninety-three, and to the summit of the exterior cross, four hundred and fifty-eight feet†. So admirably proportioned is this church, that, notwithstanding its immense size, no person, at first sight, perceives the dimensions to be remarkably large: and the statues of children, which support the vases for holy water, do not appear more than three feet in height, though they are

* The statue of Charlemagne was done by Agostino Cornacchini and that of Constantine by Bernini.

† These dimensions are taken from a table in manuscript, hung up in the lower gallery of the cupola.

really gigantic. The interior of this master-piece of human genius is incrustated with rare and beautiful marbles, adorned with the finest pictures in Mosaic existing, and supported by an immense number of magnificent columns, the greater part of which are antique; and seven, if report speak true, were taken from Solomon's Temple. The pavement is marble, and very handsome.*

Before quitting Rome, we must quote a short anecdote of the pride, which is still retained even among the lowest classes of society:—

'A gentleman told me he lodged in the house of one of these Trasteverini, a barber by trade, and wretchedly poor, when his daughter was addressed by a wealthy and respectable German; but, notwithstanding these advantages, the lover received a rude and positive refusal from the mother of the girl. My acquaintance, surprised at this behaviour, asked the mother why she acted so imprudently?—"Your daughter" (continued he) "is wholly unprovided for; surely then, you ought to rejoice in an opportunity of uniting her to a rich and worthy man." "Rejoice in uniting her to a foreigner—a barbarian!" (exclaimed the woman.) "No: and were my daughter capable of cherishing so disgraceful an idea, I should not scruple to plunge a dagger into her heart."

Finding that we shall not be able to conclude our notice of this excellent work in our present number, on account of the great quantity of interesting matter it contains, we shall finish, for the present, with the authoress's account of Herculaneum, to which she paid a visit:—

'Herculaneum was situated about five miles from Naples: and the present descent into this entombed city is at Resina. We took wax candles with us; because the Cicerone seldom provides a sufficient number: and we likewise put on thick shoes, and wrapped ourselves up; because the air of Herculaneum is damp, and the pavement wet in several places. This city, according to Dionysius of Halicarnassus, was founded by Hercules. The Alexandrian chronicle mentions it as having been built sixty years before the siege of Troy; Pliny and Florus speak of it as a great and flourishing city; and some authors conjecture that it was the capua whose luxuries ruined Hannibal's army*. Dion Cassius gives the following account of its destruction, which happened on the twenty-fourth of August, in the year seventy-nine. "An incredible quantity of ashes, carried by the wind, filled air, earth, and sea; suffocating men, cattle, birds, and fishes, and burying two entire cities; namely, Herculaneum and Pompeii, while their inhabitants were seated in the theatres." The people of Herculaneum, however, must have found time to escape; as very few skeletons, and very little portable wealth, have been discovered in those parts already excavated. Some quarters of the city are buried sixty-eight feet deep in ashes and lava; others above an hundred. This seems, from Dion Cassius, to have been the first great eruption of Vesuvius that the Romans witnessed; though there undoubtedly were volcanos in the adjoining country, from ages immemorial. The last named author says, that the ashes and dust ejected by Vesuvius darkened the sun at Rome, and were carried by the wind to Egypt; and Giuliani asserts, that during the eruption of 1631, the ashes were carried to Constantinople in such quantities as to terrify the Turks. The spot where Herculaneum stood was not ascertained till the beginning of the last century; but about the year 1713, a peasant, while sinking a well at Portici, found several pieces of ancient Mosaic, which happened to be at that time sought for by the Prince d'Elbeuf, who was building a house in the neighbourhood. The prince, wanting these fragments of marble to compose a stucco in imitation of that used by the ancients, purchased, of the peasant, a right to search for them; on doing which, he was recompensed with

a statue of Hercules, and another of Cleopatra: this success encouraged him to proceed with ardour; when the architrave of a marble gate, seven Grecian statues, resembling vestals, and a circular temple, encompassed by twenty-four columns of alabaster on the outside, the same number within, and likewise embellished by statues, were the reward of his labour: in short, the produce of these excavations became considerable enough to attract the attention of the Neapolitan government: in consequence of which, the Prince d'Elbeuf was commanded to desist, and all researches were given up, till the year 1736, when Don Carlos, on becoming King of Naples, wished to build a palace at Portici, and purchased of the Prince d'Elbeuf, his lately erected house, together with the ground whence he had taken so many valuable antiquities. The King now made an excavation eighty feet deep, and discovered buried in the earth an entire city, together with the bed of a river which ran through it, and even part of the water: he also discovered the temple of Jupiter, containing a statue reputed to be gold, and afterward laid open the theatre, directly over which the peasant's well was found to have been sunk. The inscriptions on the doors of this theatre, fragments of bronze horses gilt, and of the car to which they belonged (decorations probably of the grand entrance), together with a considerable number of statues, columns, and pictures, were now brought to light: but, nevertheless, in the year 1765, not more than fifty labourers were employed in making these valuable excavations; in 1769, the number was reduced to ten; and, in 1776, to three or four. Resina (anciently Retina) and Portici being built immediately over Herculaneum, the workmen could not venture to excavate as they would have done had the surface of the earth been less encumbered; consequently, the plans of Herculaneum and its edifices are not accurate: it is, however, ascertained that the streets were wide, straight, paved with lava, and bordered with raised footways; that the buildings are composed of tufo and other volcanic substances; the interior walls adorned with frescos, or stained with a deep and beautiful red colour; the architecture Grecian, and generally speaking, uniform. The rooms in private houses were small, and either paved with Mosaics, or bricks three feet long, and six inches thick. It does not appear that the generality of the people had glazed windows, though some excellent plate glass has been found in Herculaneum; but almost every window seems to have been provided with wooden shutters, pierced so as to admit light and air. The most considerable edifice yet discovered is a forum, or chalcidicum. This building seems to have been a rectangular court, two hundred and twenty-eight feet long, and encompassed with a portico supported by forty-two columns: it was paved with marble, and adorned with paintings. The portico of entrance was composed of five arcades, ornamented with equestrian statues of marble; two of which, the celebrated Balbi, have been already described. Opposite to the entrance, and elevated upon three steps, was a statue of the Emperor Vespasian, and on each side a figure in a curule chair: in the wall were niches adorned with paintings, and bronze statues of Nero and Germanicus: there likewise were other statues in the portico. This forum was connected, by means of a colonnade, with two temples, in form rectangular, and one of them an hundred and fifty feet long; the interior part being ornamented with columns, frescos, and inscriptions in bronze; and near these edifices was an open theatre, capable of containing ten thousand spectators, and the only building now discoverable; all the other excavations having been filled up. By a passage close to the peasant's well we descended into this theatre. The front of the stage seems to have been decorated with columns, statues, &c. all of which are taken away, two inscriptions excepted. The proscenium was found entire, and is an hundred and thirty feet long. Part of the stage, and the base of one of the columns of flowered alabaster, with which it was adorned, were likewise discovered: and in front of the stage, according to De la Lande, were bronze statues of the Muses. Fragments also were found of several bronze horses, supposed to have deco-

* The Via Appia having passed through it, is I believe one reason for this conjecture.

rated the top of the wall which terminated the seats. All, however, which we were able to discern was the stage, the orchestra, the consular seats, and proscenium, together with the corridors or lobbies; some parts of which exhibit beautiful arabesques, and stucco stained with the dark red colour already mentioned: we likewise saw the impression of a human face on the ceiling of one of the lobbies. This theatre appears to have been lined with Parian marble, and built about the same time with that at Verona, after the designs of Numisius.

Persons who are fearful of encountering a damp and oppressive atmosphere should not venture down into Herculaneum; especially as there is, in the studii, a model of this city; which, in its present state, appeared to us more calculated to appal than please; particularly when we heard the carriages at Portici rolling over our heads like thunder, and felt conscious of being buried ourselves eighty feet deep in lava*.

Memoirs of Richard Lovell Edgeworth, Esq.

(Concluded from p. 326.)

THE second volume of this work is entirely by Miss Edgeworth, who is the biographer of her father from the year 1782; and although it is better written, yet it is much inferior in interest, having less anecdote and more dissertation. In biography we wish for facts, unaccompanied by long discussions on their causes and effects. Many of the remarks of Miss Edgeworth are, however, very judicious, particularly those on education; but we differ on some points of political economy.

In 1782, Mr. Edgeworth returned to Ireland, and devoted himself to the improvement of his estates, and the education of his family. He found his lands subdivided into small portions, and his first care was, as the leases fell in, to consolidate them, not only as the means of increasing his rental, but also in order to better the condition of the peasantry. But with all deference to Mr. and Miss Edgeworth, and to the opinion of Lord Selkirk, and the example of the Marquis of Stafford and the Sutherland Highlanders, which Miss E. quotes in favour of the system, we are firmly of opinion that it is the congregation and not the subdivision of property that is the evil. But we will go further, and declare it an unwarrantable stretch of power, and an infraction of the rights of society, to drive our fellow creatures from the land of their fathers, merely that it may be converted into a pasture for sheep.

Miss Edgeworth seems also to have a singular notion respecting the prerogatives of the crown, since, in noticing the prosecution of a Mr. Malony, an Irish priest, who was convicted and imprisoned for celebrating mass; she says, 'the privy council used efforts in behalf of the prisoner, but in consequence of the written law, the King himself could not give a pardon, and the prisoner must have died in gaol, if Lord Shelburne and his colleagues had not released him at their own risk.' Now, without remarking on the absurdity of the King's not having the power to pardon a person convicted under a written law, in a country governed by written laws, we can assure Miss Edgeworth that she is wrong as to the fact, and that the pardon of Mr. Malony originated in the clemency of our late revered sovereign†

* 'We gave six carlini between the two guides who accompanied us down into Herculaneum.'

† See the Life of George III, in the *Literary Chronicle*, vol. ii p. 109, where the anecdote is inserted.—ED.

The last forty years of Mr. Edgeworth's life were devoted to politics, to improvements in mechanics, and to the increasing and instructing an already numerous family. His third wife died in the autumn of 1797, and in May of the following year, he was married to a daughter of Dr. Beaufort. It is a high compliment which Mr. Edgeworth pays to the sex and his own discernment, to remark that he had four excellent wives, for we will not suppose that good luck had been so much in his favour, had the chances been much against him.

In the Irish rebellion, Mr. Edgeworth raised a troop, which does not appear to have been called into active service. In the Irish Parliament, he voted against the union, which made him very popular, so much so, that he began to be afraid he 'was too popular.' One or two anecdotes relating to this period of Irish history, not generally known, are given by Miss Edgeworth, and which we shall insert:—

'How ingeniously cunning the lower Irish are in contriving concealments and modes of escape is well known in Ireland, to every one who has been out on any of these *rebel* or *defender* hunts. One instance, which may be new to the English reader, I found in an old letter of this time, 1798.

"A Mr. Pallas, who lived at Growse Hall, lately received information, that a certain defender was to be found in a lone house, which was described to him. He took a party of men with him in the night, and he got to the house very early in the morning. It was scarcely light. The soldiers searched, but no man was to be found. Mr. Pallas ordered them to search again, for that he was certain the man was in the house; they searched again, but in vain; they gave up the point, and were preparing to mount their horses, when one man, who had staid a little behind his companion, saw, or thought he saw, something move at the end of the garden behind the house. He looked and beheld a man's arm come out of the ground; he ran to the spot and called to his companions, but the arm had disappeared; they searched, but nothing was to be seen; and though the soldier still persisted in his story, he was not believed. 'Come,' cries one of the party, 'don't waste your time here looking for an apparition amongst these cabbage-stalks—go back once more to the house.' They went to the house, and lo! there stood the man they were in search of in the middle of the kitchen.

"Upon examination it was found, that from his garden to his house there had been practised a secret passage under ground: a large meal chest in the kitchen had a false bottom, which lifted up and down at pleasure, to let him into his subterraneous dwelling.

"Whenever he expected the house to be searched, down he went; the moment the search was over, up he came; and had practised this with success, till he grew rash, and returned one moment too soon.

"I do not vouch for the truth of this story, I only tell it you for your entertainment."

When the French forces under General Humbert, landed at Killala, Mr. Edgeworth found it necessary to quit Edgeworth Town, with his family, particularly as his troop had no arms. As carriages could not be procured to carry the whole family away, an English housekeeper offered to stay till the return of the carriage. Her singular preservation was owing to the gratitude of one of the rebels, to whom she had formerly rendered a humane service. The family had all reached Longford except the housekeeper, when Miss E. proceeds,—

'All our concern now was for those we had left behind. We heard nothing of our housekeeper all night, and were exceedingly alarmed; but early the next morning, to our great joy, she arrived. She told us, that after we had left her

she waited hour after hour for the carriage; she could hear nothing of it, as it had gone to Longford with the wounded officer. Towards evening, a large body of rebels entered the village.—She heard them at the gate, and expected they would have broken in the next instant. But one, who seemed to be a leader, with a pike in his hand, set his back against the gate, and swore, that “if he was to die for it the next minute, he would have the life of the first man who should open that gate, or set enemy’s foot within side of that place. He said the housekeeper who was left in it, was a good gentlewoman, and had done him a service, though she did not know him, nor he her. He had never seen her face, but she had, the year before, lent his wife, when in distress, sixteen shillings, the rent of flax-ground, and he would stand her friend now.

‘He kept back the mob; they agreed to send him to the house, with a deputation of six, to know the truth, and to ask for arms. The six men went to the back door, and summoned the housekeeper; one of them pointed his blunderbuss at her, and told her, that she must fetch all the arms in the house; she said she had none. Her champion asked her to say if she remembered him—“No; to her knowledge she had never seen his face.” He asked if she remembered having lent a woman money to pay her rent of flax-ground the year before? “Yes,” she remembered that, and named the woman, the time, and the sum. His companions were thus satisfied of the truth of what he had asserted. He bid her not to be frightened, “for that no harm should happen to her, nor any belonging to her; not a soul should get leave to go into her master’s house; not a twig should be touched, nor a leaf harmed.” His companions huzzaed and went off. Afterwards, as she was told, he mounted guard at the gate during the whole time the rebels were in the town.

‘When the carriage at last returned, it was stopped by the rebels, who filled the street; they held their pikes to the horses and to the coachman’s breast, accusing him of being an Orange-man, because, as they said, he wore the orange colours, (our livery being yet low and brown.) A painter, a friend of our’s, who had been that day at our house, copying some old family portraits, happened to be in the street at that instant, and called out to the mob, “Gentlemen, it is ye’llo!—gentlemen, it is not orange.” In consequence of this happy distinction, they let go the coachman; and the same man who had mounted guard at the gate, came up with his friends, rescued the carriage, and surrounding the coachman with their pikes, brought him safely into the yard. The pole of the carriage having been broken in the first onset, the housekeeper could not leave Edgeworth Town till morning. She passed the night in walking up and down, listening and watching, but the rebels returned no more, and thus our house was saved by the gratitude of a single individual.’

When the rebellion had been crushed, and government adopted the wise policy to pardon those who had not been ringleaders, Mr. Edgeworth sent for the man who had preserved his house and his servant, and said he would apply to government for a pardon for him:—

‘The man smiled, and clapping his pocket said, ‘I have my *Corny* here safe already, I thank your honour—else sure I would not have been such a fool, as to be shewing myself without I had a *purtection*.’—A pardon, signed by the Lord Lieutenant, Lord Cornwallis, in their witty spirit of abbreviation, they called a *Corny*.

‘We observed, and thought it an instance of Irish acuteness and knowledge of character, that this man was sure my father never would forget him, though he gave him nothing at this time. When my father said, that, though we were obliged to him for saving the house, he could not reward him for being a rebel; he answered, “Oh, I know that I could not expect it, nor look for any thing at all, but what I got—*thanks*.” With these words he went away satisfied. A considerable time afterward, my father, finding that the man conducted himself well, took an opportunity of serving him.’

The remainder of this volume relates the principal incidents of Mr. Edgeworth’s life, to its close, on the 13th of June 1817. Miss E. has interspersed this part with several letters between her father and Dr. Darwin, Mr. Day, and several of the members of his family. The Appendix principally consists of documents relating to education, and some short pieces of her father’s poetry, from which we select the following:

‘On receiving a Pencil-case from Mrs. E. Edgeworth, with a Black Lead Pencil at one end, and at the other a Gold Pen.

‘If in some heedless hour my careless strain
Should chance to give my lov’d Eliza pain,
May the rude lines the fading pencil trace!
May the rude lines her gentle hand efface!
But when her worth, or when my love is told—
Oh! may the sterling line be graved with gold.’

‘Lines addressed to my dear Children, in my 73d Year; when in declining Health, and my Sight nearly lost.

‘With boys and girls, a baker’s dozen,
With many a friend, and many a cousin:
The happy father sees them all
Attentive to his slightest call;
Their time, their talents, and their skill,
Are guided by his sovereign will,
And e’en their wishes take their measure
From what they think their patriarch’s pleasure.
“How does he rule them?—by what arts?”——
He knows the way to touch their hearts.’

From the epistolary part we select one letter; the early part of it being probably the last written by the ingenious and eloquent author of ‘*Zoonomia*,’ and the conclusion giving an account of his death:—

FROM DR. DARWIN TO MR. EDGEWORTH.

“*Priory, near Derby, April 17, 1802.*

“DEAR EDGEWORTH,—I am glad to find that you still amuse yourself with mechanism, in spite of the troubles of Ireland.

“The use of turning aside, or downwards, the claw of a table, I don’t see; as it must then be reared against a wall, for it will not stand alone. If the use be for carriage, the feet may shut up, like the usual brass feet of a reflecting telescope.

“We have all been now removed from Derby about a fortnight, to the priory, and all of us like our change of situation. We have a pleasant house, a good garden, ponds full of fish, and a pleasing valley somewhat like Shenstone’s—deep, umbrageous, and with a talkative stream running down it. Our house is near the top of the valley, well screened by hills from the east and north, and open to the south, where, at four miles distance, we see Derby Tower.

“Four or more strong springs rise near the house, and have formed the valley, which, like that of Petrarch, may be called *Val chiusa*, as it begins, or is shut, at the situation of the house. I hope you like the description, and hope farther, that yourself and any part of your family will sometime do us the pleasure of a visit.

“Pray tell the authoress, that the water-nymphs of our valley will be happy to assist her next novel.

“My bookseller, Mr. Johnson, will not begin to print the *Temple of Nature*, till the price of paper is fixed by Parliament. I suppose the present duty is paid * * * * *

‘At these words Dr. Darwin’s pen stopped. What follows was written on the opposite side of the paper by another hand.

“SIR,—This family is in the greatest affliction. I am truly grieved to inform you of the death of the invaluable Dr. Darwin. Dr. Darwin got up apparently in health; about eight o’clock, he rang the library bell. The servant who went, said he appeared fainting. He revived again,—Mrs.

Darwin was immediately called. The doctor spoke often, but soon appeared fainting; and died about nine o'clock.

"Our dear Mrs. Darwin and family are inconsolable: their affliction is great indeed, there being few such husbands or fathers. He will be most deservedly lamented by all who had the honour to be known to him.

"I remain, Sir, your obedient humble servant, S. M.

"P. S.—This letter was begun this morning, by Dr. Darwin himself."

This work is embellished with four good portraits, of Mr. Edgeworth, Lord Longford, Mr. Day, and Dr. Darwin; there are also some other engravings.

Retrospection. A Rural Poem. By Thomas Whitby, Author of 'The Priory of Birkenhead.' 12mo. pp. 130. London, 1820.

WE have, on a former occasion, spoken very favourably of Mr. Whitby's poetical talents, and we are happy to find our opinion most amply confirmed by his present production.

'Retrospection' is really a very beautiful poem; and if it has not the dignified pathos and elegance of Thomson's *Seasons*, nor the entire simplicity of Bloomfield's *Farmer's Boy*, yet in the description of rural scenes and rustic customs, it is second only to those admired poems; with the latter of which it may justly be compared.

This poem, we are told in the introduction, was written in 1803, at a time when the author was contending with adversity, and soon after his arrival in the British metropolis. It was then that, with a mind feelingly alive to local impressions, the author sought relief and gratification from a retrospective view of youthful days and rural happiness. It is not, however, to his native hills or plains, to his family, or to the amusements of childhood alone, that he turns; but he preserves with fondness the recollection of one to whom perhaps he was in some degree indebted, for being able to honour with so elegant and affectionate a tribute as the following:—

'Ah! fond remembrance, dost thou wake a sigh?
Those scenes are changed, those rural joys are fled.
Friends of my childhood! in your tombs ye lie,
My kind preceptor slumbers with the dead.
Who heard his knell and not let fall a tear?
Who spoke his name, that told not of his worth?
Who thought of joy, attendant on his bier?
Who saw, unmoved his corse laid in the earth?
All mourn'd his loss, for all had shar'd his love.
The hapless victims of distress and pain
Exclaim'd, "His spirit finds repose above,
Whose like on earth we shall not see again!"
So virtue wins affection!

The scene of the poem, in which a beautiful tale is interwoven, lays at a romantic village in the county of Chester, and the rustic customs are those of the neighbourhood. It is from a description of these that we shall principally make our extracts, and first, of April Fool's Day:—

'So April charms. Ah! let not pass, unsung,
The mirthful custom of its natal morn;
When fiction dwells on many a simple tongue,
And weak credulity is laughed to scorn.
Beware! beware! the schoolboy loudly cries,
A rabid mastiff rushes o'er the plain;
Impelled by terror swift the stranger flies:
Halt, April Fool! exclaims a laughing swain,

At Crispin's shed behold the simple youth,
Of fraud unconscious, he a message bears,
"Dame Saunders sends me for an ounce of truth,
A pint of *strap-oil* and two *lap-stone pears*."
The craftsman lays his last and hammer down,
Demurely moves the unsuspecting boy;
The pliant strap salutes his simple crown,
"Take, April Fool, thy payment of employ."
Then, many a strange device receives its birth;
Then, fiction cheats with many a specious tale;
In every cottage raillery and mirth,
On April morn, alternately prevail.'

The invocation to Britannia, and the compliment to Mr. Wilberforce's exertions for the abolition of the Slave Trade, are beautifully pathetic:—

'Arise Britannia! cruelty repel,
And hurl injustice from her gory throne.
May every ship that braves the ocean swell,
By thy proud ensign for a friend be known
To faith and freedom. Then on Afric's shore
Her sons shall greet thy undulating sails
With loud acclaim; and bless each cleaving oar,
That o'er their waves and prejudice prevails.
In mercy's cause an advocate is found;
Old England's senate yields to his appeal,
Soon Afric's vallies shall with joy resound:
Against their foes shall Wilberforce prevail.
By Time enroll'd, his virtues and his name,
Succeeding ages shall his worth revere,
Who freed his country from the badge of shame;
And taught, "to conquer is to persevere."

Among the various sports which the author describes, there is, perhaps, none portrayed more naturally or powerfully than that of the manly exercise of Wrestling:—

'Then flies the quoit with well-directed aim,
And cleaves with shelving edge the distant ground.
Then swains, ambitious of more valued fame,
In proud defiance wave their hats around.
They court the conflict won by strength and skill,
With hostile arms they terribly embrace;
Now, fierce contending,—now, a moment still,
From ev'ry pore a liquid streams apace.
Again they strive, their brawny limbs entwine;
Now low they bend! now firm collected stand!
Long wary caution counteracts design;
The vanquish'd falls! and falling, shakes the land.
So have I seen the sturdy forest oak
By woodmen hack'd with intermitting toil,
O'erthrown at length by one decisive stroke,
Vibrate the earth, and raise the dusty soil.'

Passing on from grave to gay, from lively to severe, we meet with the following affecting incident:—

'The day was placid, and the ardent sun
Had drunk the dew which bright'ned many a thorn;
The jocund reaper's mid-day task was done,
Who soundly slept beside his sheaves of corn;—
When fair Maria, long induced to roam,
Kind nature's sweets to gather and admire,
Regain'd the pathway leading to her home,
Where peace, and love paternal, crown'd desire.
Alas! that home she never more beheld:
The sky grew dark—terrific thunder rolled;
Tempestuous rain her eager steps impelled
To seek a shelt'ring oak-tree on the wold.
Its tufted boughs wave wildly o'er her head.
Who braves the storm?—A father seeks his child—
He now beholds her—Ah! that lightning red!
O God! she falls! * * * He perished on the wild.'

Our next and concluding extract, is descriptive of that season of festivity and mirth—Christmas:—

‘Is there a scene congenial to content!
A scene from which she never seems to stray?
O! ’tis that scene of rustic merriment
Which marks the hallow’d scene of Christmas-day.
How lovely then, each object to behold,
Arrang’d with neatness and peculiar care;
Utensils brazen shine like burnish’d gold,
Long rows of pewter vie with silver’s glare.
Ah! lovely contrast! sprigs of lasting green,
Adorn’d with berries white and berries red,
On every shelf are in profusion seen:
The mystic *mistletoe* hangs over head;
A sacred branch, beneath whose local shade
The swain is blest with more than earthly bliss,
When, fondly pressing a reluctant maid,
He sips ethereal nectar from her kiss.
Festive hilarity illumines the night;
A rolling trencher swiftly they pursue;
Augmenting sentences they now recite;
Forgetful error yields the forfeit due,
Which to regain, performance is enjoin’d
Of action strange; mirth issues the command:
One, like a surly mastiff, bays the wind,
On heel or tiptoe must another stand.
Oft mirthful pastime yields to simple tale,
And oft ’tis lull’d by music’s vocal strain;
In silence then each sips his mellow ale,
Nods to his friends, who sip, and nod again.
Of ghosts they tell which rustics have beheld,
When midnight’s toll was sounding in their ears;
Of way-lost strangers, to their fate impell’d
By *Jack-o’lantern*, which at night appears:—
Of dreadful screams proceeding from the wood,
How peasants sought, but there no mortal found;
Of gentle rivulets surcharg’d with blood,
Tho’ not a drop was sprinkled on the ground.
Terrific thoughts their simple minds invade,
They fear to rise who seek a distant home;
Each moaning breeze gives language to a shade;
The night is dark, “in darkness spectres roam.”’

In giving the author the humble meed of our approbation to this really beautiful poem, we must not omit noticing the strict morality which breathes through the whole, and which, while it contemplates nature in its fairest and best form, does not forget Nature’s God.

Foreign Literature.

HISTORY AND DESCRIPTION OF BRAZIL.

A VERY interesting work has recently issued from the royal press at Rio Janeiro; being a translation of descriptive notices relative to the kingdom of Brazil, from a work presented to his most faithful majesty, the King of Portugal. The author, Don Manuel Ayres de Casal, is a secular priest of the priory of Crato.

The introduction to the work, which is pregnant with information, contains a summary of the discovery, and an account of the Aborigines of America; to which is added, a synopsis of the history of Brazil, including a report of Pedro Vaz de Caminha, one of the companions of Cabral in the first discovery of the country. This has been taken from the archives of the marine at Rio Janeiro, and it rectifies a number of errors in the former relations.

The author treats on the provinces separately, and de-

scribes the limits, position, history, climate, soil, productions, mountains, rivers, &c. of each, with some account of the mineralogy, botany, and zoology.

The vegetables of Europe are found to thrive well in Brazil, especially the peach-tree and the vine, but the wine made from the latter, not being prepared as it should be, is of an inferior sort. The tea of Paraguay or Matte, constitutes the most important production of the country; the inhabitants have made use of it from time immemorial. All the kinds of cattle, including horses and mules, are in prodigious numbers, although the rearing of the fleecy tribes is at present not much attended to.

The province of St. Paul is very fertile in timber; it is here that the Brazilian Plu is found in the greatest abundance. All the western district still remains in the occupation of the ferocious tribe called Bugros. On the whole, the author speaks well of the present Paulists; he denies that they ever constituted an independant republic, and contends that they have always been submissive to the Portuguese government. As to the Spaniards and Jesuits, their incroachments have been successfully opposed; but, in general, the natives value themselves too highly on their noblesse. They are scattered through a great number of small towns, and are easy to be distinguished by a particular kind of bonnet which they wear.

The author gives a detail of the conquest of the province of Mato Grosso. Gold was in such abundance, and was so little valued by the Indians, that one of them exchanged six pounds weight of it for a pewter plate. As the rats made great havoc both in the houses and fields, a pound of gold was paid for the first couple of cats to destroy them. The province is divided into three districts: the northern, the southern, or Camapuana, and the eastern. The aboriginal tribe of Guaycuras are excellent horsemen, of a very warlike character, and haughty in their demeanour. They have a custom of turning to yellow the green colours of a certain kind of parrot; this is done by plucking off all the feathers, and rubbing the naked skin with the juice of the plant *prucu*.

The province of Goyas, at present very abundant in cattle, was formerly valuable for its gold mines, which are now exhausted. It is given out, however, that the richest veins in the mountains have not yet been assayed.

The province of Minas Geraes owes its name to the gold which it affords, with a number of other metals. Every where, says the author, we find a multitude of deep caverns and ditches, from which immense quantities of gold have been taken. Villa Rica, formerly known by the name of Ouro Petro, is the capital.

The *Districto Diamantina*, or Diamond District, still contributes to furnish different kinds of precious stones. In the centre of the country is a large and flourishing town, St. Antonio de Tijuco, the residence of the public agents or authorities, and especially of the *diamond Junta*. The *exploitation*, as the French term it, or the working of the mines, employs 6000 Negroes, under the inspection of 200 whites.

Amongst the productions of the province of Rio Janeiro, one is thought to be the same species of argile or earth that the Chinese use in their manufacture of porcelain.

Further on to the west, and in the centre of the province Espirito Santo, the Puris, a warlike, but crafty and perfidious tribe, seem to have the ascendancy. The capital is named Nuestra Senhora da Vittoria.

The province of Porto Seguro, although the first where in the Portuguese formed an establishment, is still, almost, in a state of nature, presenting every where a degree of rusticity in one almost continued forest.

The province of Bahia contains three territories; that of the islands, and those of Bahia and Jacobina. The Mougogos, or original natives, were only entirely reduced in 1806. In the capital, St. Salvador, there is a printing-office, and a manufactory of glass.

The original inhabitants of the province Segeripe del Rey, so named from the river Segeripe, are characterized as very ferocious.

The province of Pernambuco is particularly noticeable for a number of excellent harbours. Recife, the capital, is large and populous, and is laid out in three sections or divisions.

The Cahetes and the Potyguaras, aboriginals of the province of Parahyba, have long since made profession of the Christian religion. The culture of the sugar-cane has declined considerably, which is imputed to the want of moisture, but that of the cotton-tree is augmenting in like proportion. Parahyba is a pretty large town, tolerably populous and agreeable.

In the province of Rio Grande de Norte, the principal object is Natal, the capital, situated on the right bank of the Rio Grande.

Cattle, cotton, and salt, form the chief articles for exportation of the province of Ceara. Formerly, it yielded considerable quantities of amber. Aracatig is the most populous and flourishing town.

Great numbers of cattle are fed in the province Prahy, the surface or soil of which is, in general, low and level. The capital, Ceyras, though small, stands in a good situation, and is represented as flourishing.

The province of Maranhao is remarkable for a singular kind of silk-worm, that subsists on the leaves of the orange tree and Brazilian pine tree; it fabricates beautiful nests and cotton stuffs of different kinds. The number of Negroes here, is more considerable than in any other parts. The south-west and center still remain in the possession of a number of wild and savage tribes. Maranhao, the capital, is on the western shore of an island of the same name.

Original Communications.

QUERY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LITERARY CHRONICLE.

SIR,—I shall be obliged if any one of your ingenious correspondents can inform me and your readers of the origin of, ‘*Why it requires nine tailors to make a man?*’

Your's, ONE OF THE NINE.

HINTS TO THE MEMBERS OF THE SOCIETY FOR THE SUPPRESSION OF VICE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LITERARY CHRONICLE.

SIR,—From an assurance of the respectable circulation of your paper, whose pages are devoted to the friendless or the scientific, the inquirer after truth or the moral observer; I am induced to offer a few lines for the pe-

rusal and consideration of the gentlemen who belong to the society above mentioned, whose zeal appears to be increased, rather than abated, in their prosecutions of those persons whom they conceive to be the propagators of that mischief which, it is thought, corrupts the mind and depreciates the popularity of religion. Without interfering with the path of duty in which those gentlemen walk and act, and being myself desirous upon the most liberal principles, to see all men happy, I call the serious attention of active benevolence to take cognizance of the too many boys and young men who haunt most of the parishes in and out of the precincts of London; for it is most desirable some steps should be taken to rescue them from their own associations, and to prevent their associating with apprentices, who are much in the streets, on errands and other duties. It is not enough to be told, the street-keeper's place is to rid or remove all nuisances from his resident parish;—it is not enough to tell the constable to be vigilant in his duty, when his time is not compensated for his continual appearance at the police office; nor can any individual venture his authority, which draws a mob round him, more with a view to plunder the contents of his pockets than to hear reason and improve; but much might be done by a society. And among the worst of the passions and vices of the human heart, I think the three following are of conspicuous notice:—First, the practice of *swearing*, to which those street vagabonds are accustomed; and it matters but little to them who may become their hearers, whether it be the butterfly-like school-boy, exulting in his freedom from temporary study,—the lovely girl, whose mind is formed into virtue by matronly kindness—or the staid grandfather, who wishes to refine his spirit as his body decays, by pleasing reflections and temperate habits. Secondly, *gambling*.—I have seen this carried on to an alarming extent, and trembled for the school boys, errand-boys, and apprentices, who have seemed to survey the turns of chance with enviable pleasure. Hath not many a youth of respectable connexions, unfortunately, dated his ruin to this apparently innocent amusement? The Newgate Calendar answers, yes! the winds of Botany Bay echo, yes! Many an aged Sire's bosom sighs, yes! And would not the widow's spirit, that is immortalised on the other side of the skies, if vision and propriety permitted, breathe the curtains of space aside and whisper, yes? Thirdly, the writing of improper language and sentiments on the pavement, walls, and doors. If Mr. Carlisle and others have aggressed against public morals, surely such writers as use their chalk without restraint or decency, ought to be prevented doing it by equitable means. A pamphlet may be read and laid in the library under lock and key, but the licentious pages of a wall are as public as the signboard of a certain *Sunday* newspaper. Finally, there are, of course, many links connected with the chain of vice, which require repolishing before they can appear with the ornaments of virtue; but it is not my intention to particularise them any further, than wishing that the foregoing remarks, however inadequately expressed, may invite ‘The Society’ to examine and act for themselves. And thanking you, Mr. Editor, for the space you may afford me, I assure you, I am your's obediently

PUCERON.

ORIGIN OF THE INQUISITION.

THIS most abhorred engine of priestcraft was brought into Arragon after the death of Peter the Second, who was slain fighting in the cause of freedom, in the war of Albigeosis. But all attempts to introduce it into any of the neighbouring kingdoms were, for a succession of ages, abortive, owing to the inflexible dislike of the Spanish nation; and, even in Arragon, after a time, its power was restricted, and its spirit of dominion confined within such bounds, as rendered its evil tendency scarcely perceptible. Isabella, the wife of Ferdinand of Arragon, was the first sovereign of Castile, who permitted and encouraged the establishment of it in that kingdom, and the example which she gave from bigotry, her husband followed from that crooked and detestable policy which marked all the measures of his reign.

Henry the Fourth, King of Castile, (whom history, in compliance to vulgar opinion, has handed down with the surname of 'the impotent,' although he was not only capable of producing, but was in fact the father of a legitimate offspring, which ought to have inherited his crown,) incurred the misfortune of ecclesiastical displeasure, the effects of which were not only felt by immediate posterity, but have accompanied his memory through every succeeding generation. Isabella was his sister, and long before the agitation of that criminal measure, which set her on the throne of Castile, the probability of such an event was contemplated by her confessor, Toorquemada, who from her earliest infancy, instilled into her mind those principles of bigotry and persecution best calculated to promote the measure, to the accomplishment of which he had secretly devoted his soul. The motive of this deep and unalterable resolution, is pretended to be founded in a violent passion, which, in early youth, Toorquemada conceived for a Moorish lady, and which disappointment and jealousy was converted into unquenchable hatred for her race; and such a motive as this, however inadequate it may appear to the politician, will not be condemned as improbable or trifling by him who has reflected on the occurrences of history with a philosophic mind, and bears in his recollection the apparently disproportionate relations of cause and effect, which are equally observable in the moral as in the natural world. The peculiarity of the Spanish character, also, confers a greater degree of *vraisemblance* on the tale, and makes us rather wish to find it authentic. However this be, the dark and insidious intrigues of this extraordinary man finally accomplished, what the most sanguine would hardly have ventured to predict from the commencement of his labours. Death soon afterwards deprived him of enjoying the bloody fruit of these exertions; but the chains which he had put on were rivetted by his greater successor in the confidence of the crown, and in the inquisitorial office. The views of Ximenes, in supporting the Inquisition, are thus ably unfolded in 'Lavallée's Histoire des Inquisitiones Religieuses,' published in Paris, 1809.

'First minister of the crown, imperious, haughty, cruel, and a tyrant, the object of execration to the great, whom his pride delighted in insulting, whom he eclipsed in pomp, and humbled by the comparison of his riches, and whom he felt it necessary to debase for the exaltation of the monarchy; a severe reformer of monkish profligacy, even that of the Cordeliers, his first protectors, and afterwards his greatest enemies; a daring warrior, who made Africa tremble at the head of armies maintained at his own

cost; arrived at the highest degree of power which a subject can attain, yet always viewing with restless ambition the possibility of higher greatness; distrusting equally the duplicity of Ferdinand, whose caresses were never the symptoms of confidence or friendship, and the proud spirit of the grandees, whose hatred watched all their actions, to seize the instant propitious to the redress of their injuries, and the vengeance of the monks, more dangerous as it was the more concealed, betraying itself only by the poignard. Ximenes had a strong interest in supporting the inquisition. His views in the establishment were not, indeed, that of striking at a few heretics, whose opinions were a matter of indifference to him, or of burning some Jews, whom he would rather have preserved that he might plunder them at his leisure; but it was to fortify himself by means of an instrument which he might plunge at pleasure into the breast of his enemies; to have at his devotion, an authority which might reach Ferdinand himself in case of necessity, and keep him down in the slavery which he might think fit to impose upon his conscience; a tribunal, with liberty to penetrate, in the name of God, into the asylum of monks, and the palaces of princes, to drag from thence such victims as he should select for his personal security, and to plunge them into dungeons, or conduct them to death amidst the acclamations of a people, who would regard their sufferings as a homage paid to their deity.'

Toorquemada looked on the Inquisition as a footstool to the attainment of his dignities: Ximenes made it the bulwark by which to support himself in those powers which he had already acquired. Thus, the ambition of a Dominican and the self interest of a Cordelier, brought down upon Spain the greatest of scourges, and a whole nation was ruined for ages, because one monk chose to be a cardinal, and another resolved to be prime minister.

The original edict excited men to revolt—the amended edict moved only their contempt. This false measure first gave to his subjects the feeling and the knowledge of their strength; and, instead of giving credit to Charles the Fifth for having retraced his steps, they naturally enough concluded, that he had not found himself in a condition to impose upon them the yoke which he wished to enforce.

How much better to have withdrawn the edict at once!
T. F. H.

Biography.

COUNT VOLNEY.

AUTHOR OF 'THE RUINS OF EMPIRES,' &c. &c.

M. DE VOLNEY was one of the few men of any real property, who joined with ardour in a revolution which so often proscribed the proprietors, and always made their possessions unsafe. He was also one of the few individuals who survived the horrors of that revolution, to which he had actively contributed at its commencement and during its progress. This was less owing to caution or temporizing policy, than to accidental circumstances, over which he could have no control.

M. de Volney was born at Craon, in Bretagne, in the year 1755. His parents were of a respectable rank in life, and gave their son a liberal education. From being Seneschal of Anjou, he was chosen to be a member of the

States General. He was afterwards appointed a deputy of the *Tiers Etat*, and became a member of the Constituent Assembly. Previous to the French revolution, he had travelled in Egypt and Syria, and on his return to France he published an account of those countries.

M. de Volney arrived in Paris with a literary reputation, which, however, was not improved, but rather diminished, by his want of oratorical talents, and of liberal and polite manners. Whilst a member of the National Assembly, he always joined with the violent party, and voted for the most ungenerous and outrageous measures against the nobility and the clergy. In August and September, 1789, he often ascended the tribune, to hasten the judgment and condemnation of Baron de Bezenwal, a Swiss general officer in the French service, who, obeying the orders of the King's ministers, had with difficulty been saved from the then fashionable lantern of the revolutionary Parisian brigands; and, contrary to the treaties and capitulations between France and Switzerland, was in prison, waiting his trial by a civil court of justice, for an alleged crime, which belonged peculiarly to the cognizance or inquiry of a military council.

In all his speeches, during the different debates, about a plan for a new constitution, M. de Volney advocated the sovereignty of the people. On one occasion, in February, 1791, he called the attempt to invade or to divide its power and rights, a regicide suicide; and, at another time, (May, 1791,) he said, in a moment of revolutionary enthusiasm, that a traitor to the sovereign people was a monster, outlawed by the laws of nature, of God, and of man, whom every body had a right, (no! it was every body's duty,) to pursue, every nation ought to proscribe, and who had to expect no safety upon earth, and no rest in heaven.

When any question was discussed concerning the powers and privileges of the executive government of France, he often declared himself against the royal prerogative and the King's authority. He was not less an enemy to priests, than he was to kings; and he had no inconsiderable share in procuring the proscriptions of the former. The extent to which the clergy suffered in France, bore evidence of the activity of their enemies. According to Camille Jourdan's report in the Council of Five Hundred, May, 1797, no less than nineteen thousand priests, friars, and nuns, had then perished since 1789, in the prisons, in exile, or on the scaffold; and, according to the report of Portalis, in the Council of State, in April, 1802, since 1797, the Directory had, *without any trial*, sent eight hundred priests to Cayenne, where most of those who survived the ill-treatment during their voyage, were exposed to certain death, from want, disease, and from the effects of an unhealthy climate. When Bonaparte recalled these victims of revolutionary intolerance, only sixty-two were alive of the eight hundred transported; and of these only forty-four arrived in France.

In August, 1791, M. de Volney did homage to the National Assembly, by presenting his lately published work, entitled, '*The Ruins of Empires*.' In this work, as well as in all his former productions, in voyages, as well as in his historical lectures, he attacks, either directly or indirectly, the Christian religion; and, as a great writer has observed of them, that 'subtilty furnishes arms to impudence, and invention leads on to credulity.'

After the return of Louis XVI, from Varennes, and his temporary suspension from the royal authority, M. de Volney united with Condorcet, Brissot, Petion, and Ro-

bespierre, and tried with them to change the suspension of the King into a change of the government; he differed, however, with those men as to the executive power, which he desired to entrust to an hereditary president, and to make this presidency hereditary in the Orleans branch of the Bourbon family. In a pamphlet printed about this time, called '*M. de Volney Demasqué*,' and supposed to come from the pen of the Marquis de Clermont de Tonnerre, it is urged, among other severe reproaches, 'that he intended to degrade monarchy by making a president a monarch, and to elevate insupportable republics by decreeing them hereditary monarchies; that he expected to be the first president's first minister, to govern a republic impossible to be governed, and, from the tail of the Orleans faction, ascend to head the presidency of the Orleans.'

Within two months after the dissolution of the Constituent Assembly, M. de Volney thought himself forgotten, or at least confounded among the many guilty and nameless men who with him had brought about the revolution. He therefore sought rather singular means to gain celebrity. Voltaire and other philosophers of his school, had made it as fashionable as it was advantageous, to court the Empress of Russia, Catherine II, by dedications of their works, and to flatter her vanity by praising her great literary abilities. In 1787, M. de Volney presented to the Russian ambassador at Paris, for his sovereign, a work, called *Mon Voyage*, accompanied with a letter, demanding 'the favour and the honour of the protection of such a great and competent judge, the female Solomon of the north.' In return, the Empress ordered her ambassador to present M. de Volney with the usual gold medallion, with which she rewarded most men of letters who sent to her the productions of their genius. After Louis XVI had been arrested at Varennes, the Empress had recalled her ambassador at France; and when the King had been forced to accept the constitution of 1791, and notified this acceptance, and his desire to continue the former ties of amity and alliance with Russia, by sending an ambassador, the Empress declined the latter, because she knew that the King had not been free to accept or refuse the former. From a hope of being noticed or in the zeal of patriotism, M. de Volney, on the 4th December, 1791, wrote to Baron de Grimm, the Russian chargé d'affaires, at Paris, and returned the medallion. This letter, in which he says, 'that a citizen of regenerated France could not retain any thing coming from an enemy of the French revolution,' is remarkable through the whole for a style as unbecoming as it is contradictory to that of his letter in 1787. It was answered by a very able and spirited writer, who signed himself Petroskoy, and M. de Volney was held up to just and well-deserved contempt.

In 1791, when his functions as a member of the Constituent Assembly, had ceased, he accompanied M. Pozzo di Borgo, (the present Russian ambassador at Paris) to Corsica, his native country, for the purpose of entering into some agricultural project, in which, however, he did not succeed. The following year, he took refuge in the United States of America, where he remained until October, 1794, when he returned to France. The ravages which the revolution had occasioned during his absence, are thus described in a letter he wrote to General Washington, dated the 8th October, 1794; he says, 'I have only been absent from my country two years, and I hardly

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know it again: two centuries have not made so great and cruel changes in other devastated countries, as these last two years have made in France. I see every where ruins and nothing but ruins: our throne, our altars, our cities, our villages, our castles, and our cottages, are all in ruins; our ci-devant nobility and clergy, our magistrates, our merchants and manufacturers, are all ruined.'

In November, of the same year, he was nominated teacher and professor of History in the Normal schools at Paris, but being a very indifferent orator, his lectures were not much frequented. In 1796, he was chosen a member of the National Institute; he continued, however, in a state of inactivity as to political affairs, until the revolution of the 18th Brumaire, or 9th of November, 1799, when, according to the advice of the Abbé Sieyès, Bonaparte had determined to employ all the men of talents who had been in the Constituent Assembly. Volney was one of the first whom he sent for and consulted. In December of the same year, he was appointed a member of the Conservative Senate, and became the constant attendant of Bonaparte, so much so, that he frequently went to breakfast with him, and made his coffee for him. In consequence of this servility, he was nick-named by Bonaparte's Aides de Camp, '*La Bonne* (a female attendant) *du General*. Their intimacy, however, was not of long duration, for when Bonaparte, in April, 1802, caused the Concordat for re-establishing the Christian religion to be proclaimed, Volney demanded an audience, and strongly remonstrated against this farce, as he called it. The consul told his senator, that a 99-100th part of the French people desired the return of religion, and that, by doing it, he only considered the feelings and the wishes of the French people. That may be true, answered M. de Volney; but it is also true, 'that a 99½-100th part of Frenchmen sigh and pray for the return of the Bourbons.'

Bonaparte felt indignant at the remark, called his servants and gave orders that M. de Volney should not again be admitted into the Thuilleries. Indeed, from that hour, Volney never saw Bonaparte at his court, nor even at the senate, as he never went there, although he received his salary as a senator.

After the restoration of the Bourbons, in 1814, M. de Volney was created a peer by Louis XVIII, and not having being chosen by Bonaparte during the hundred days, he retained his rank and pay under the Bourbon government until his death, which took place at Paris, in April last. His funeral obsequies were performed in the church of St. Sulpice, and his remains carried thence to the cemetery of Pere La Chaise.

Count Volney was a member of the French Academy and a correspondent of the Literary Society of Calcutta. He has bequeathed 1200 francs of *rentes* for ever as a prize for the best Essay on Oriental languages, and particularly on the simplification of their characters.

INSTANTANEOUS CONVERSION.

THE Methodists, at Wexford, met in a long barn, and used to fasten the door because they were annoyed by a Catholic mob. Being thus excluded from the meeting, the mob became curious to know what was done there; and, taking counsel together, they agreed that a fellow should get in and secrete himself before the congregation assembled, so that he might see all that was going on, and,

at a proper time, let in his companions. The adventurer could find no better means of concealment than by getting into a sack which he found there, and lying down in a situation near the entrance. The people collected, secured the door as usual, and, as usual, began their service by singing. The mob collected also, and grew impatient, calling repeatedly upon their friend Patrick to open the door; but Pat happened to have a taste for music, and he liked the singing so well, that he thought, as he afterwards said, it would be a thousand pities to disturb it. And when the hymn was done and the itinerant began to pray, in spite of all the vociferation of his comrades, he thought that as he had been so well pleased with the singing, he would see how he liked the prayer, but when the prayer proceeded, 'the power of God,' says the relater, 'did so confound him, that he roared out with might and main; and not having power to get out of the sack, lay bawling and screaming to the astonishment and dismay of the congregation, who probably supposed that Satan himself was in the barn. Somebody at last ventured to see what was in the sack; and helping him out, brought him up, confessing his sins and crying for mercy.' This is the most comical case of instantaneous conversion that ever was recorded, and yet the man is said to have been thoroughly converted.—*Southey's Life of Wesley*.

Original Poetry.

LINES ADDRESSED TO ———.

Why have the roses left thy cheek?
The beam of joy thine eye?
Why does thy wasted form bespeak,
Sorrow and misery?
Why art thou lost in gloomy thought?
Why shun society?
Has bliss with future pain been bought?—
Pleasure with misery?
Friend of my youth, oh! tell me why
Thou check'st the starting tear?
Or why that deep and cheerless sigh,
When I dear girl am near?
Repose in me thy inward grief,—
The secret of thy woe;
Thy stricken heart shall find relief,
Thy anguish cease to flow.

March 22, 1820.

W. S.

SONNET TO MISS ———,

ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

'Tis said, that Time and Age are always seen
Together,—where one adds a fleeting year
The other steals a charm;—that has not been,
The case with thee, for thou dost now appear
Lovelier in youth and beauty, than when I
Beheld thee in thy seventeenth summer, gay
As the lark at sun-rise; and thy young way
Of life, spangled with flowers of happiness.
Oh! may thy future years ne'er bring thee less
Of joy than thou hast this day seen;—no sigh
But such as springs from the soul when ecstasy
Leaps in the breast—glides o'er those lips of thine!
And when, at th' last, thy pulse shall cease to play,
May mine cease too, and our cold hearts each other 'twine!

WILFORD.

Fine Arts.

LE CHEVALIER ISABEY'S PICTURES.

COLLECTIONS of the pictures of a single individual, are sometimes considered, by the public, as not sufficiently diversified in subject and character, to interest the common observer; this objection, whether well founded or not, cannot be applied to this exhibition, which contains a most surprising number of the very excellent works of a French artist, whose versatility of talent comprises, within its extensive sphere, the delineation of history, portraiture, marine painting, landscapes, ornament, and caricature, worked in colours, sepia, and with the stump.

No. 1, *The Congress of Vienna*, in sepia,—this picture represents the period at which the ministers are speaking amongst themselves, after the conference; the portraits of twenty-one plenipotentiaries, and two secretaries, are introduced, conversing upon general topics, in the great council chamber, in the apartments of Prince Kaunitz, whose bust is to the right of the picture. The vignette surrounding the picture, is composed of medallions of the heads of the eight allied sovereigns. Beneath are the arms of the several eight contracting powers. On the right and left sides, are the arms and names of the different ministers and secretaries. The composition and portraits of this picture are admirably executed; an engraving has been published. No. 2, *Staircase of the Museum at Paris*,—this picture is painted in water-colour, upon a prepared ground, on copper, which produces the effect of ivory in respect of finish, and of oil with regard to vigour and solidity; the figures are not portraits; it represents the entrance into the exhibition-room of modern artists: the windows at the end are next the Louvre. This picture exhibits the artist's highest power of finish, and is of itself worthy to form an exhibition, being a most beautiful production,—the dress of the Turk, and the green shawl of the lady, are in the richest possible style, and the colouring of the picture in general is extremely fine. No. 3, *The Boat of Isabey*, worked with the stump, in 1802,—this is a clever specimen of the artist's skill in this singular style of workmanship, in which the artist himself is introduced rowing a boat, wherein are his wife and children; we think that the right arm of the rower, being in exertion, does not appear sufficiently muscular, although in shade. No. 4, *The First Consul, Bonaparte, visiting the Manufactory of Messrs. Sevenes, at Rouen*,—he appears addressing the head workman, aged ninety years, to whom he granted a pension of 1200 francs; the First Consul is surrounded by the ministers of the interior and marine, a general of the guard, and the mayor of the town. To the right is Josephine, to whom the proprietor is exhibiting the productions of his manufactory; near to her, is a lady of the palace, the grand almoner, and some generals; in the distance are the aid-de-camps, and principal inhabitants of the city. No. 7, *The Parade*, is a clever picture, wherein Bonaparte is surrounded by his greatest generals; some of the horses have a portion of stiffness, and Bonaparte's horse and figure are rather stiff and slender, but the production is excellent—the horses in this picture are drawn by Verner. No. 11, *A Sketch, in sepia, of Louis XVIII.* No. 14, *Portrait of the King of Rome*, in water-colours, fifteen days after his birth,—we have no hesitation in positively asserting, that this portrait is by far too old, and has too much character and deci-

sion of features for an infant only fifteen days old. No. 21, *a clever Portrait, in medallion, of the eight allied Sovereigns at the Congress of Vienna.* No. 22, *a Portrait of the late amiable Baroness de Stael Holstein*, painted from the life, in 1806. No. 29, *A Sketch representing the Birth of the King of Rome, at the time when the Emperor returns the Infant to his Mother, after having shown the Child to the Cabinet Officers, &c.*—the picture finished from this sketch was painted on ivory, and is in the possession of Maria Louisa, Archduchess of Parma. No. 30, *Louis XVIII, King of France*; No. 32, *The Emperor of Russia*; No. 33, *The Emperor of Austria*,—have much character. No. 34, *The King of Prussia*; No. 35, *Prince Charles of Austria*; No. 36, *The Duke of Wellington*; No. 37, *Prince Eugene*; No. 38, *Empress of Russia*; No. 39, *Maria Louisa, Grand-duchess of Parma*; and No. 42, *The Prince of Parma*,—are very fine interesting little portraits. No. 45, *Sketch for a scene of a Moorish Arsenal*, from the third act of the opera of *Abencerrage*, has much dramatic effect. No. 50, *Napoleon and the Empress Josephine*; No. 51, *Napoleon on Enamel*; No. 52, *Murat*; and No. 54, *The Prince of Parma*, are very fine. No. 57, *A Chesnut Tree in the Valley of Montmorency*, near Paris,—the leaves in the front tree are not natural, but the distance is pretty. No. 58, *Studies of Trees*—very beautiful. No. 59, *Country Seat*,—clever. No. 60, a study in water-colours, of *a Bridge in the Park of Madame de L****,—extremely clever. No. 67, *Caricatures*,—very laughable; engravings have been published in England from several. A variety of clever engravings, exhibited in the anti-room, complete the collection.

We have felt great pleasure in visiting this exhibition, which is arranged in the room with much taste and judgment,—the pictures possess very great merit—have much fine character, rich colouring, and a soft delicacy of finish, extremely creditable to the talents of the artist. The rare and exclusive opportunity which the exhibitor possessed as a miniature painter to Napoleon and his consort, imparts an exclusive value to their portraits, and we are confident that publicity alone is necessary to cause this admirable large collection of individual performances to become one of the most attractive exhibitions in this metropolis, as all persons must feel an interest in the original portraits of the most celebrated personages in the world, displayed at these rooms, independently of the beautiful style of workmanship distinguishing the pictures.

MR. GLOVER'S EXHIBITION,

No. 1, *a Snow Piece*, is poor,—we wish that it were 'far away' from such an exhibition. No. 5, *Blacklock, a celebrated racer*,—although there is much merit in the execution of the forepart and shoulders of this horse, yet some parts, and particularly the left hind leg, are stiff; the outline in general is rather hard. No. 24, *Kennilworth Castle*, and No. 25, *Warwick Castle*, are very neat small landscapes. No. 27, *Dangollen Vale*,—the rainbow in this picture is natural enough. No. 30, is a pretty little sketch of *Geneva*. No. 36, *the Cottage in Hyde Park*; No. 37, *Carysbrooke Castle, Isle of Wight*; No. 40, *Greenwich Park*; and No. 44, *Scene in the Val' d'Aoste*,—are interesting. No. 52, *New Weir, on the river Wye*, is an excellent large picture. No. 56, is a sketch of the *Screech Owl*. No. 58, *Cattle painted from Nature*; the large animal in the foreground is very excellent, and the background is warm and natural. No. 61, is a *Fair on the Alps, on the road to Mount Cenis*, unfinished; the

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Alpine scenery in the back ground reaching to the top of the picture, is warm, bold, and majestic; to the right of the picture the artist has introduced himself sitting. No. 63, is a *Boy and Ass*,—clever. No. 66, is a very good picture of cattle reposing,—extremely natural; the rhu-barb, &c. on the ground to the left of the picture is admirably done, and the prostrate boy playing with the dog is appropriate. No. 68, *Mont Blanc*, with the last rays of the setting sun, shining on the snowy regions, is a bold effort, and has a grand and very singular effect. No. 75, *Lock Katrine*, &c.—in this picture, the powerful rays of the sun shining by the trees is extremely illusive. No. 80, the *Campo Vaccino* at Rome, is interesting. No. 81, *Sunset*, is very clever. No. 83, *Civita Castellana*, is romantic. No. 85, *Grasmere Lake*,—this picture displays the singular effect of varied tints in the herbage of the foreground. No. 87, *Tivoli*,—is without a doubt, in our opinion, Mr. Glover's very best picture, and in its fine, rich, and most splendid effect, equal to Turner's pictures; the Campagna di Roma is comprehended in the scene, which displays an extent of country reaching twenty-five miles in the distance; a little spot appears rising above the horizontal line, which we at first mistook for a vessel, but it is St. Peter's towering dome; if we may suggest any improvement, it is that the distance may have a more decisive land-character; but if the picture belonged to us, we would permit no one, except Mr. Glover, not even Turner himself, to alter this extraordinary effort of Mr. Glover's powers. In the front of the picture is a little group of itinerant marauders, as we imagine. The view of Tivoli, on the hill, is very beautiful. No. 92, *Jaques*,—is a woody scene. No. 95, *Lions*,—we trust that Mr. Glover has sufficient good sense to thank us for making no farther comments on this picture, when we observe that the outline is bad, and the bent paw of the reclining lion wants anatomical force; the head of the lion erect is better. No. 97, *Portrait of Mr. Glover's Mother*,—the artist in this picture is out of his line; No. 98, *Tivoli*, is a pretty subject. No. 102, *Temple of Clytemnus*, and N. 103, *Turtle-doves*, are natural.

The landscapes in this exhibition confer very great credit upon the skill of Mr. Glover, although his human figures are coarse and poor—a fault from which Turner himself is not free. We wish to find No. 61, and No. 87, placed opposite to one another, and we should feel much gratified if Mr. Glover approve of this well meant suggestion; the exhibition is very gratifying, and we are glad at the encouragement with which the artist's efforts are rewarded; many of the pictures are sold, but some yet remain to be disposed of.

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The Drama.

DRURY LANE.—Mr. Elliston, as usual, did not offer any novelty to his visitors during the holidays: and, although we are repeatedly told of pieces in preparation, and in rehearsal, yet he seems determined never to produce any novelties, while he can get any thing like a tolerable house by stock pieces. Kean's *Lear* was thrown away on Monday night on the holiday folk, who would much rather have seen a pantomime than the best tragedy and the best actor of the day. The farce of the *Lady and the Devil* was, however, more congenial to the taste of

the audience, and went off with immense applause. In consequence of the continued attraction of *King Lear* and Mr. Kean, the forthcoming tragedy of *Virginus* is again deferred.

COVENT GARDEN.—The Scotch historical novels have been a most prolific field for our modern dramatists, who there find plot, incident, and language, all ready to their hands; and thus they are enabled, by the addition of a few old songs, and old music, to dish up a 'musical romance, almost without 'the labour of a single thought.' Some of these pieces have been very successful, partly owing to the popularity of the tales on which they are founded, but more particularly to the dramatic talent by which they were represented. And we all know, how often the syren voice of Miss Stephens has averted an impending storm, and the comic humour of Liston converted disapproving frowns to applauding smiles.

The new musical romance produced on Monday night, was entitled *The Battle of Bothwell Brigg*, and is founded on the story of *Old Mortality*, in the first series of the 'Tales of my Landlord.'

The action of the piece commences at the point of time immediately following Henry Morton's gaining the prize at the shooting match, and ends with the battle of Bothwell Brigg, and the fall of Balfour of Burley. The most striking of the intervening events are included, either in the way of exhibition or narration, in such a manner as to afford a pretty correct idea of the character of most of the personages in the scene—the arrival of Claverhouse at Tillitulum—the condemnation and pardon, on the intercession of Lord Evandale, of Morton and Cuddie Heddrig—the murder of the Archbishop of St. Andrew's—the rencontre between Bothwell and Burley, and death of the former—the association of Morton and his adherence with the covenanters—his deliverance of Lord Evandale from the sword of Burley, and liberation of him from subsequent confinement—the mission of Cuddie to Tillitulum, to warn its inmates of the danger that threatened them, with the fury of the Covenanters on learning their young confederate's correspondence with the enemy, and the rescue of him from instant destruction, by the appearance of Claverhouse and his soldiers.

We do not think, that *Old Mortality* has been very happily dramatized; some of the most striking points in the tale, particularly the dialogue between Burley and Bothwell at the close of the combat, have been omitted. The excellent acting, however, of the performers contributed mainly to the partial success of the piece,—for, notwithstanding the assertion in the playbill of the immense applause with which it was received, its fate was for some time doubtful on the first night, nor do we think the alterations or curtailments since made will enable it to keep possession of the stage.

Literary and Scientific Intelligence.

New South Wales.—A quarterly literary work has been established at Botany Bay, we presume, by Dr. O'Halloran, who was lately transported from England, for forging a post-office frank for 10d.

Gas from Dartmoor Peat.—Among other benefits which promise to attend the contemplated improvements on Dartmoor, is a recent discovery, that its peat may be converted into gas, which produces a light not to be excelled in brilliancy, is per-

fectly free from disagreeable smell, and apparently not at all dangerous in its use.

Astronomy.—It has been determined by government, on the recommendation of the Board of Longitude, that an astronomical observatory shall be erected at the Cape of Good Hope, upon the same scale as the royal observatory at Greenwich.—The appointment of astronomer at the Cape, has been conferred on Mr. F. Tallows, of Cambridge University.

French Chronometer.—A very ingenious machine, exposed latterly at the Louvre, and which the author, Mr. Peschot, has named 'the French Chronometer,' has excited a considerable degree of admiration in the scientific world; it consists of a portable needle, which, placed on a dial fixed on a mirror, indicates the hour, and always returns to the figure, when a different direction may be given to it. The inventor's process is thus explained:—Suppose an inflexible bar, pierced in the centre of its length, and turning freely on a vertical flat surface, on which the two extremities of this bar describe a circle, to be divided into hours and minutes. At one of the extremities of this needle, fix a box of middling size, in which the works of a watch will regularly turn by a small weight, in the space of twelve hours, an entire circle. Adapt to the other extremity of the needle a counterpoise, which may be in equilibrium with the box, the small weight, and the springs which cause it to move. Leave all this machine to itself, and it will take, on the large vertical dial, a position corresponding to that in which the small weight may be in the box. In consequence of the laws of equilibrium, it will happen, that when the weight shall have traversed the small circle in which it is contained, the box that contains it and the needle itself, that is to say, all the machine, will have successively traversed the divisions of the great dial.

Babylonish Antiquities.—Sir R. Kerr Porter has returned to St. Petersburg from a visit to Persia, bringing with him several remains of antiquity; among these are bricks from the ruins of Babylon, a piece of the cement used in the building of that city, a piece of marble from the ruins of Persepolis, &c. They have been all deposited, by his Majesty's command, in the Asiatic Museum of the Academy of Sciences.

The Bee.

*Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia limant,
Omnia nos itidem depascimur aurea dicta!*

LUCRETIVS.

Instinct.—A correspondent has informed us that, in a gentleman's garden, at Islington, a bird has wrought a most curious nest, and laid seven eggs in a common garden-pot, which is turned upside down, and that it goes in and comes out of the small hole at the top, so that its young may be protected from the claws of the cat, and fostered, till ready to fly, from the nocturnal approaches of vermin.

How many a lesson from the feathered race
Man might acquire by observation!

Punning.—This species of wit, which some call a vice and others a disease, was perhaps never more prevalent than at the present day, since it is no longer confined to the wittlings of a coffee-house, or a convivial club, but is sanctioned in its use by the highest and most grave authorities. The Lord High Chancellor of England does not disdain to enliven the dull monotony of a case in equity by a pun; and a learned judge of the sister kingdom, whether on the bench or in domestic life, never suffers an opportunity to escape of 'letting a pun,' as it is commonly called. The following are the most recent specimens of his lordship's talents in this line:—

'In the Court of Common Pleas, in Dublin, a few days ago, Lord Norbury, in giving judgment in a case, observed, that it was quite insufficient for the demandant in a writ of right, to say "he claimed by descent." "That," continued his lordship, "would be a shrewd answer for a sweep who had got into your house by coming down the chimney. 'Pray, Sir,

how did you get into my house?"—"I got in *by descent*." *Facilis descensus averni*; and this would be an easy and a sweeping way of getting in."

Lord Norbury recently visited the new post office, Dublin, and complimented some of the inmates upon the style of their apartments. He was told that the situation would be comfortable enough, were it not for the noise of a certain description of females, who made the most hideous uproar all night. To which his lordship replied, "This is not at all to be wondered at, or prevented, as they are only waiting for the *mails*."

When the same learned judge heard of the achievement of MONUMENT the informer, in the late state trials, he exclaimed, 'Lord Sidmouth now may truly say—*Eregi Monumentum ære perennius*.'

The United States.—The American newspapers shew, that commercial distress is severely felt in this boasted land; and insolvent debtors' notices, sequestrations, and sheriffs' sales, occupy a large portion of their columns. A New York newspaper contains a list of 260 insolvents in that state alone. The bank notes are at a discount, of from one to ten, and even fifteen per cent.; in one instance, viz. the 'Washington and Warren Bank,' the notes are at from forty to forty-five per cent discount!

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COPLEY FIELDING, Secretary.

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TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

To J. R. P. Not a line from the Cape.

X. on the authorship of the national anthem, 'God save the King,' in our next.

The favours of L., G. D. L. S., P., and J. R. P., are received.

Poets are allowed considerable latitude in their metaphors and comparisons, and will sometimes stretch their fancy to an unreasonable height in praising the charms of their idols; this, however, is not the case with our correspondent J. A., who can find nothing more dignified to compare his 'Maria' to, than a *muffin*. A few lines from this exquisite morceau, will, we think, amuse our readers, and justify our not inserting the whole in our poetical department. It commences—

'Maria! who toasted the muffin I give;
Maria! the lovely, and long may she live!
Like the muffin she toasted, oh, may she be found,
In charms of appearance and taste to abound;
And as its firm crusts make it tempting appear,
And its heat is preserved by the fire so near.'

As the pure melted butter sinks deeply within,
And imbues its white crumb with a richness unseen;
May the graces of virtue sink deep in her heart,
And preserve it as pure as the muffin we part. &c.

A correspondent who signs J. S. (Scott, we presume) says our 'credibility' has been imposed upon by some mischievous wag, relative to the chair which he has in his possession, and which, although of curious workmanship, he does not believe ever belonged to Cardinal Wolsey.

Errata, in our last, p. 334, col. 1, l. 2 from bottom, after 'distance,' read 'Callcot'; p. 335, col. 2, l. 13, for 'Tacreedy,' read 'Macready'; p. 336, col. 2, l. 13, for 'Cæsur impevat,' read 'Cæsar imperat'; l. 15, for 'coronabiter,' read 'coronabitur.'

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